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by Thomas B. Mosher, contains some of the poems of Arthur Hugh Clough, the Scholar Gypsy of English literature. The fascination of his character is well explained in the lines:

"Some life of men unblest
He knew which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead."

The "Songs in Absence," "Easter Day," and other poems are reprinted. For June we are promised again some of the delicious writings of Walter Pater.

The Magazine of Art has as frontispiece a reproduction of the Rembrandt recently acquired by the National Gallery, which gives a fair presentation of this important masterpiece, which for sixty-two years has been hidden from public admiration. It belonged to the De Saumarez estate. The articles on Edwin Austin Abbey, which have been entirely appreciative, are here concluded. George Somes Layard contributes a strikingly illustrated article on "Our Graphic Humorists: W. M. Thackeray." The half-tone illustrations are of course a feature of this number.

Brush and Pencil is a Chicago publication devoted to the arts and crafts, which in its April number gives a variety of good articles, against one of which I take exception. It is the one by Mabel Key on "The Passing of the Poster," in which posterdom is treated in a reminiscent, historical way, as if it has had its day as a fad, whereas I believe it to be a cult but in its infancy in this country, where it will soon attain like importance as in Europe.

This leads me to take up that admirable London monthly devoted to the Poster, carrying this title. A recent number gives articles on Walter Crane, Grun, Carton Moore Park, Norman Maclean, and Dudley Hardy, all of whom have made a name in this branch of art. The numerous illustrations in half-tone and colors make one long more and more for the time to come when our hoardings may be graced, instead of disgraced, by artistic designs.

Another London publication is *The Journal of Decorative Art*, which, although more or less of a trade journal, gives yet some important information on various topics.

Further to mention is *Current Literature*, which yet devotes a few pages to art matters—all too few to do justice to this nearly sister of the literary muse.

THE LAST "UNION LEAGUE" SHOW.

IT would have been better had this show been omitted. It somewhat detracts from the glory of previous attainments. Much that is passable is hung. The only pictures which I deem worth mentioning are the four old pictures. The Pieter de Hooghe, "Een Boterham" (a sandwich), although not one of the best examples of this master of light and perspective, is still interesting. The two small cabinets by Pieter de Bloot are unique. Someone would have put a high-sounding name like Teniers or Jan Steen to this one of the "little masters." These pictures are the purest examples of this artist, are strikingly clear and, I believe, the only ones in this country. Constable has a fine landscape, in that free and breezy way of his, where palette knife is used as oft as brush, only indicating here and there what he wishes to express, yet so powerfully done that the *ensemble* portends the ideal of landscape art.

THE REFORM CLUB EXHIBITION.

IF successive exhibitions at the Reform Club are in any way like the first one held, there will be a distinct addition to the artistic enjoyment of the metropolis. The selection of the pictures hung in this loan exhibit was matchless, and the untiring energy of Messrs. Louis Windmuller and Hermann Schaus has brought together a collection which, though coming at the end, is by no means the least of the club shows of this season.

A superior and distinctive treat is to see again the famous "Fisherman" of Frans Hals, loaned by Mr. A. Augustus Healy, which came originally from the Schaus sale. The broad and vigorous brush-work of this Dutch master has never been surpassed. It were futile to enumerate all the excellent numbers of the catalogue of half a hundred, to which Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Anson Phelps Stokes, George A. Hearn, J. W. Ellsworth, Carl H. de Silver, and others, have contributed.

There is an exquisite example of Blakelock, a wood interior, simple and natural in composition, of magnificent coloring; a beautiful Corot shows "Le Pecheur" in that subtle poetry of half light, half haze. "Une Jeune Fille," by Greuze, is liquid, and a representative example. The "Caritas" of Prof. Ludwig Knaus is well known by its reproductions, and belongs to the better class of Dusseldorf pictures

like the Stammel, called "Sir John Falstaff" which would be better without a title, as it is one of those types from which a story detracts. The excellent modelling and expressive lines of this cabinet make it a unique painting, not overfinished but thoroughly suggestive. The Daubigny is unusually full of color, while the samples by Dupré and Rousseau are among the best ever seen.

The lighting in the gallery could be somewhat improved upon, which is about the only thing adverse that can be said of this interesting and commendable exhibition.

FLIMFLAM ART IN FLAUNTY FRAMES.

WITH the advent of prosperity a desire to beautify our homes with works of art begins to reawaken. The careful buyer who is not himself an expert will seek the advice of one, selecting with his assistance, from the studio of reputable artists or dealers, what pleases his and his family's taste. Whoever neglects to exercise care is apt to be fleeced by a band of villains who manufacture and sell deceptive imitations to the detriment of:

1. A constantly growing number of amateurs, whose minds would be elevated by possession of the genuine art they covet if they were not clouded by base counterfeits.

2. Honest purveyors of real paintings.

3. Worthy artists, many of whom would be glad to sell good work for prices which swindlers now obtain for daubs.

Spurious pictures, made abroad, imitations of the work of known foreign artists, are imported constantly and sold openly. Signatures of such men as Diaz and Corot have carefully been placed on the canvas; the artist cannot complain, because he is dead or absent. The buyer first congratulates himself on his bargain; discovery that he has been duped seldom begins to dawn on him before he has parted with his money, when he finds discretion the better part of valor; where the vendor has offered no guarantee, the buyer has no redress.

In this country fake pictures are manufactured for a mere pittance by starving painters in the hidden studios of crafty dealers. They bear names of imaginary artists, often resembling the names of those which have some reputation, but with different spelling or initials. Generally their pleasing aspect (pleasing to the uninitiated) is enhanced by gaudy frames, the sale of which often is of greater importance to the dealer than of the daubs they inclose. Our patrons of art are too easily bribed by the dress in which they see it presented; young artists who cannot afford to buy frames are too much at the mercy of frame-makers. Meritorious work often brings less than it has cost to frame, and I know a good landscapist, who against inclination married a woman older than himself, because she provided frames for the pictures he could not otherwise sell.

Spurious paintings are freely sold by licensed auctioneers or dealers in the principal thoroughfares of all our large cities; in country towns by smooth-tongued travelling salesmen, who in hotel parlors captivate gullible hayseeds with the flashy baubles they exhibit. Among feasible measures which might be taken to suppress this traffic, societies of experts could be formed and chartered by acts of the Legislature "for the protection of art." Their presiding officers should on the complaint of any victim be empowered to prosecute auctioneer or dealer who designingly has imposed upon him. All work made to deceive and found in his possession should be destroyed, his license and other privileges be revoked, and he should be punished according to the statutes of frauds in the respective States or community in which it has been perpetrated.

Such associations might be endowed to assist the poor artist who deserves help; but without other assistance, a suppression of the false would go far to encourage the producers of true art.

LOUIS WINDMULLER.

HOW TO FRAME A PICTURE.

HINTS as to the framing of pictures are in place every few years.

Taste develops, and frames that were in general use twenty-five years ago are now rejected as hideous. Heavy black walnut mouldings were then used for charcoal and crayon drawings at all exhibitions. Nothing else was thought of, and any rebellion against the tradition of the framer was fraught with peril to the artist. Now such frames are only attic lumber. The aim of framing is not to exhibit the frame, but the picture, to make the picture look its best. Hence anything that calls off the attention from the picture to the frame should be avoided. The frame must become the picture, be subordinate to the picture, and be well made and strong enough to hold the picture. A good oil-painting deserves a rich, elaborate frame. The bright gold of the frame only sets off and becomes the color of the painting. If placed in a shadow or shelter box, the lining of the box should be in harmony with the gold frame, of some

unobtrusive color, like olive or old-gold, but never of glaring crimson flush. Water-colors should be framed after a more simple fashion, and etchings or engravings more simply yet. Water-colors of the popular Dutch school, which have almost as much depth of color as an oil-painting, can be treated more like oil-paintings. Gold mats and rich frames may only enhance their beauty; but light water-colors, especially those where body-color is not used, require light mats of rough paper, white or cream; and cream-white, white and gold, or very simple gold frames.

A water-color, in distinction from an oil-painting, requires a mat to bring out its color, and a glass for protection. This glass should be flawless, clear (not green); and, with the mat intervening, it cannot touch or injure the face of the picture. Thick paper should be placed under the back boards of the frame to prevent the wood from staining the picture from behind, and paper should be pasted over the back of the frame to keep out dust. In the choice of mats remember that cream tints turn several shades darker in the course of a year or two, but they are more generally becoming than the blue white. Still, some delicate paintings cannot bear the cream tint; so it is well to test the different shades of white with the picture in hand. The complexion of a water-color should be studied in the choice of a mat as truly as that of a bride in the selection of the right shade of white for her wedding gown. This is also true of etchings and engravings. An etching should be framed as carefully, neatly, and becomingly as a water-color; for etchings, like women, are little cattle, and their idiosyncrasies should be humored. Light natural woods—oak, ash, chestnut, cherry, or holly—well made in a simple style, are suitable for most etchings. They are unpretending, unobjectionable, and do not distract the attention from the picture, which is the point of attention, not the frame. Bronze, gold, white and gold, and cream-white frames are also suitable for etchings. Landscapes require simple frames; figure pictures can bear something more dressy, and a single head requires the most elaborate frame of the three; but in each case the danger is in over-decoration. An old engraving or etching may look well in a black frame, but black must be used judiciously. Woods like oak or chestnut gilded, but showing the natural grain, and made up in a flat, plain moulding are admirable for frames, and are more suitable than overwrought gilt moulding.

SUSAN HAYES WARD.

PHILADELPHIA ART CLUB, WATER COLOR EXHIBITION.

THE success of the Eighth Annual Exhibition of Water Colors and Pastels, which closed on the 23d, is at once an indication of the trend of a national opinion and as vindication of the efforts of American artists to turn towards the true and legitimate interpretations of nature, governed by the tenets of art proper.

In the entire collection of 750 subjects, with three or four exceptions, there is a total avoidance of the impressionistic mysticism.

True, many of the local admissions are bad, irretrievably so, but we will not waste time on these, or advertise their inaccuracies. Pass them, I say, with indifference, and devote time, which was made for slaves, to the few whose better results reflect forcibly the deposition, the moral and mental "make-up" of the artists.

The arrangement of the galleries into three divisions, brings you on entrance to "A Quiet Stream," by Harry Eaton, where we have for perspective quality two low merging banks that are fed by the quiet moving waters; the right-hand bank, revelling in some good brush-work, delineating some rising timber that is well qualified in their natural approach to the silver birch, the graceful larch and willow, an offset to the low mossy bank and path vis-à-vis. The soft gray light vibrations, rhythmically attuned, but a trifle marred by a too liberal use of the greens in the lighter foliage.

This middle gallery is devoted to about 120 subjects, and Keller's "Lead, Kindly Light" finds an advantageous spot on the north side.

This you have all seen, nevertheless it may not be superfluous to say it appeals strongly to artists and laymen alike for its general good qualities, the sincerity of the artist's expression.

Entre nous, it could have been sold four or five times over.

It is but another illustration of the survival of the fittest, and its presence becomes an almost necessity since, frankly speaking, we are overburdened with landscapes.

The genre appeals; why not more of it? It fits in with our nerve-biting and tissue-destroying age.

Another good interpretation of tone, depth and action, may be seen in Fred. Hurd's "Nearing Shore." Scheveningen, Holland, where the lumbering barge rises and falls in the heavy swell of the windy waters.

Thos. Moran exhibits two mountain pieces, "In the Teton Range,"

Idaho, and "In the Big Horn Mountains." Glorious in color and prismatic light effects, engendered by the eternal snows, they proclaim the colder values of the valley, depicted by Walter Palmer in "First Rays," an excellent conception and treatment.

Peter Moran is quite prominent, *quel voulez vous*, he is on the committee. In his cattle subjects—five—I find a disposition to more color than formerly; it may be purely experimental, at least I trust so. There is more of the good ground values in his own free style, which he has transferred to his plates, and they are the better where they are hardest bit.

His "Noonday; a Corner of the Woods," is an abbreviated piece of nature, wherein the glinting sunlight dashes through the heavy timbers to subjugate the damp mossy beds within, and is particularly noticeable for the free treatment and excellent results. As foils one to the other, we have North and South. "The Lizard Head, off Cornwall," of Lawrence, roaring out their loud resurgam in direct opposition to the almost deathly stillness to Snell's "Twilight at Sea." The latter's "Moonlight," which heads the catalogue, is even more appealing to me in the mysticism of light.

It is justly the weirdness of night, when all nature sleeps, and yet the subject is a simple one: a lonely house on a lonely road; but the treatment, broad, sympathetic and tuneful, is one of the cleverest things in the entire collection. Grey-beards and youngsters alike ask, "How did he do it?"

Walter Shirlaw contributes five decorative panels, "The Dancing Girl" and "Morning," the others are somewhat massive, lacking the freedom and grace prescribed by their titles.

"In the Days of Standish," by Granville Smith; "A River Bank," by Austin Needham; "A Lonely Road," and "Solitude," by Charles Warren Eaton, are all worthy of attention.

"Sunset after Rain" is tuneful, the light wavy sky effects being treated in a fearless manner, while the foregrounds, marshiness, is crisp and vigorous, as though refreshed by nature's sweet attention. Bearing close relationship is Henry Farrer's "October Afternoon," full of opalescent light, and good wholesome coloring in the low, marshy beds, that bear the nebulous reflections of the vibrating lights that chase the shadows into obscurity. It is the earth and sky that one delights in, after the fever of the summer sun.

More prominent than anything previously seen at the hands of James B. Sword is "A Ray of Hope," depicting three in a dory, apparently lost off the Banks. In stern reality, two are standing wildly endeavoring to hail a passing schooner, while their shipmate lies inert and almost indifferent to fate, in the stern sheets. Treated in a low, subdued key, with careful delineation, the artist has presented a good misty atmosphere, salty, bracing and wet, keeping well under the values of his relative subjects, thus leaving sufficient to the imagination.

Three marines by F. K. Rehn show a difference in temperament, the mental and physical, of the man. He enjoys no style peculiarly his own, but he is getting down to some good, thoughtful, expressive, and sometimes vigorous work. With all this, may be said to be the best collection ever seen within the walls of the club.

MITSCHKA.

NEARLY TWO HUNDRED YEARS OF BOOK ILLUSTRATING IN AMERICA.

I.

TWO years after Oliver Cromwell had been forbidden by order of the council to sail for America, and five years before "this evil genius of the house of Stuart" had convinced Charles, by the aid of his ironies at Marston Moor, that he would have been more incoincidental in the wilds of America; three years after Brother Philemon Pormont had been appointed the first schoolmaster in Massachusetts; one year after Shawmut had changed its name to Boston; and four years after Roger Williams had, at a wink from Winthrop, given Governor Haines the slip—in fine, in 1639 the first printing-press in North America was set up in Cambridge, Mass.

This press had been purchased by the Rev. Joseph Glover, an Episcopal clergyman, with funds collected in England and Amsterdam. But Glover died at sea, on his way to America, leaving a widow, five children, and the printing-press. As ladies were scarce in the plantation of Massachusetts and printing-presses scarcer; as the Rev. Henry Dunster was single and Mrs. Glover was a widow; as Mr. Dunster was President of the infant Harvard College, and that college owned types and paper, what more proper and natural than that they should form a partnership, matrimonial and otherwise? At any rate this came to pass, and this same year the first American printed sheet, *The Freeman's Oath*, and the second, an almanac, were worked off this press, after it had been set up in the house of